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MISCELLANEOUS.

Fron Summer and Winter Hours - by H. G. BELL.

THE UNCLE.

And when my resenn's dawn began,

He'd take me on his knee. And often talk whole winter nights.

Things that seemed strange to me

He was a man of gloomy mood,
And few his converse sought;
But it was taid in solitule
His conscience with him wrought,
And there before his mental eye,
Some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house
Who did not fear his frown,
Sare I, a little careless child,
Who gambol'd up and down,
And often peep'd into his room,
And plack'd him by the gown,

And pinck of norm by the gown,
I was an orphan and alone—
My father was his brother,
And all their lives I knew that they
Had fondly lov'd each other;
And in my uncle sroom there hung

The picture of my mother.

There was curtain neer it.

'Twas in a darken'd place,
And few or none had ever look'd.
Upon my mother's face,
Or seen her pale expressive smile.
Of melancholy grace.

One night, I do remember well—
The wind was howling high,
And through the socient corridors

asy uncle set close by.

I read, but little undertood.

The words upon the book.

For with a side-long glance I mark'd.

My uncle's fearful lock.

And saw how all his quiviring frame.

With strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole,
A strange unusual dread,
His lips were white as bone, his eyes
Sunk for down in his head;
He gaz'd on me, but 'twas the gaze
Of the unconscious dead.

The middenly be turn'd him round,
And drew saide the veil
That hung before my mother's face—
Perchance my eves might fail,
But ne'er before that face to mo

And hardly atterance found—
"Come hither boy!" then fearfully
Be cast his eyes around.

That lady was thy mother once.
Those wert her only child—
O God! I've se'n her when she held.
Thee in her arms and smiled:
She smil'd upon thy father:—hov.
'Twas that which drove me wild!

"He was my brother; but his form Was fairer far than mine;

A token and a sign.

I goodged not that,—he was the prop
Of our ancestral line,
And many beauty was to him

A token and a sign.

"Boy! I had lov'd her too,—ney more
'Twas I who lov'd her first.

Tor months—for years—the golden thought

Tormosths—for years—the golden thought Within my soul was nurset.

He came—the conquertd—they were wed—My air-blown bubble burst!

"Then on my mind a shadow fell,
And evil hopes graw rife.
The damning thought strick in my heart,
And cut me like a knife,
That she, whom all the days I lov'd,
Should be another's wife!

By Hayen' it was a fearful thing To see my brother now.
And mark the placid calm which sat Forever on his brow.
That seemed in bitter scorn to say, "I am more lov'd than thou!"

I left myshome—I left the land,—
I cross'd the raging seat
Invain, in vain—where'er I turned,
My memory went with me:
My whole existence night and day
In memory seemed to be.

In memory seemed to be.

"I came again, I found them here—
Thon'rt like thy father box.—
He doted on that pale face there;
I've seen them kies and toy.
I've seen him lock'd in her fond arms
Wright in delizious joy.
"He dised—no one knew how:
The murder'd body ne'er was found;
The tale ig hush'd up now:
Ent there was one who rightly guest'd
The hand that struck the blow.

"It drow her wasd, yet not his death—

The many that arrock the direct the death—
Notined his death alone.
For the had climp to hope when all that there was none;
No, hoy it man a sight she saw
That froze her into stone.

Analyze ner into stone.

If my thy uncle child,—why stard

So frightfully aghast?

The stran moves, but know'st thou not

"The nothing but the blast;

I too have had my flore like these;

But such vain fee many past;

my men want fee mare past,
"I'll show this which the mother saw,
I feel-frill, ease any hecast,
And this wild jemp entireden might,
Suits with the propose best.
Could hithin then haid often sought
To open this bit these."

It has a secret spring the

Had seem'd so ghastly pale. "Come hither boy!" my uncle said—
I started at the sound,
'T was choked and stifled in his throat,

It sounded dresrily—

My uncle sat close by

I had an oncle once-s man

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July 23, 23

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ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1831.

Slowly the lid is raised, and now-"What see you that you ger So heavily?—that thing is but A bare ribb'd skeleton."

A suden crash—the lid fell down—
Three strides he backwards gave,
"O God! it is my brother's self
Returning from the grave!
His grasp of lead is on my threat—
Will no one help or save?"

That night they laid me on his bed,
In raving madness tost:
He grasslift his teeth, and with wild oaths
Risshemed the Holy Ghost:
And, ere the light of morning broke,
A sinner's soul was lost.

From the Broom County (N. F.) Courier. A PROFLIGATE'S LAST MONTH.

The moon was throwing her silvery lustre there some melancholy bird was singing its farewell to the night, and still a male and fe-male tarried in a retired balcony of the suburbs. The balcony overlooked a beautiful garden, where early exotic flowers were already beginning to scent the air, and was itself shaded by lufty evergreens so thick, that the moon could only occasionally look upon the majestic brow of Ralph De Forest, and

the majestic brow of Ralph De Forest, and the light form and lovely countenance of Ammelia, his betrothed and his victim.

"I am happy to night. Ralph," said she as she twined a lock of his hair around her taper finger, "for you are with me, and nature, which I love next to you, is so calm and beautiful. And there is my own bright star, peeping at us between the branches of the locust. Oh! Raloh, I wish that we were there! cust. Oh! Ralph. I wish that we were there! And the birds are singing so sweetly!—They always sing to me when I walk here to await

Amelia, nature is beautiful tostarting tear from her eve. "and vourself the most beautiful of her creations. But see von not the stars grow pale and paler, and the castern horizon is brightening? I must away—but soon shall see you aguir, love."

The pale, cold brow of the maid dropped

wearily upon his bosom—she spoke not dur-ing the hasty farewell, and repeated pro-mise of quick return, nor moved, even when her lover's step died away in the distant asker of the garden; and the bright sun found as he had left her, and kissed the dew of the night from her bright cheek. and awoke her to herself. She pined a hopeless solitary week, and died.

Ralph De Forest voluntarily left his betrothed forever, and the next hour, apparently full of mirth and reparter, mounted horse with as gay a companion as himself, and started lazily on for the dissipation of the south. They designed to lounge along through the valley of the St. Lawrence to Niagara. eventually into the southern cities of the U-

Some few days of cloudless skies and nights of Italian splendour if not of softness passed a-way, and found the two travellers enjoying the society and feasts of some old friends in King-ston. Ralph, to be sure, occasionally thought upon the ruin he had wrought in the breast of upon the rum he had wrongit in the breast of her who had trusted to him; and at times the remembrance was so painful, that he almost succeeded in cheating himself into the belief, that he should one day return, and make glad with his presence the heart his baseness had with his presence the heart his baseness desolated. But he was a reckless fellow, the gavest of the gav: and though a profligate, still possessed of health and wealth, with a disposition to tax each to the utmost, in pursuit of that gilded chimera. pleasure.

A week was sufficient to pall him of the A week was sufficient to pall him of the hospitality and amusements of Kingston, and together with his friend he proceeded towards. York, through the beautiful and picturesque country that skirts the northern waters of Lake Untario. It was at the period of the late war between the United States and G. Britain. Kingston was in daily expectation of an attack from the American troops at Sacket's Harbour, in conjunction with the naval forces of Commodore Chauney. All was activity upon the Canadian shore—men were

the country, an Indian, and two native women. These were grave, as is the habit of their race, and occupied a retired corner, careless of what passed around them, partakmen. These were grave, as is the habit of their race, and occupied a retired corner, to that place every eye was directed, when to the morning following the arrival of De Forest and his companion at Yark, the American fleet was discovered driving against the retirement of the town. The British commander, General to the town. perior to the common natives. They were neatly, and indeed, richly attired, after the Indian fashion, with profusion of beads curiobery wrought into various articles of their oppose the landing; and De Forest, fall of dress, which were also advended with heavy ornaments of silver. The Indian himself was teered his services in the field.

Some hours passed after the squadrons was first seen, before, owing to the adverse wind in years, and as he conversed with his women in a low guttural tone, there was noones, which were also adorned with heavy

daughter, a small fair native, with beautiful long shining hair, black as her sparkling eyes. As De Forest and his friends were about

to depart, this little group caught their attention, and the former exclaimed-"Eh! Colonel, a prize, by Jupiter. There are eyes and shape for you, that no one need be a-shared to own."

The young woman to whom allusion was made, cast her eyes to the floor with a native bashfulness, but immediately raised them for an instant, and took a timorous survey of the approaching gentlemen. Her dress was so disposed as to show off her fair form to good advantage. It was of light calico, extending to the knee, and confined around the waist by a broad rich belt of wampum, such as the waning from the approach of morning upon by a broad rich belt of wampum, such as the the sleeping city of Montreal, and here and kinds of the land wore in the days of old. The wrists were circled with clasps of silver, the throat and bosom were confifed by broaches, and ornamented with beads and shells of little feet were incased in a pair of beautiful-

ly wrought moccasins.

The colonel addressed the Indian as one he had previously met, while De Forest, his eye luminous with wine, bespoke the attention of the women.

"Hah! my girl of the woods," said he, edidst know thy feet are prettier than the forest flowers they are accustomed to tread on

"She no understand Inglis." interrupted the elderly woman.

the elderly woman.

•Well, d—n me!" continued be othere
is a language understood by all, white or
black—and from the wench to the queen.— "Eh! my girl." added he. chucking her chin. know'st the language of the lips:"
"Off. rascal of a white"—shouted the old

Indian, as he suddenly sprung forward, and thrust his tall powerful frame between his daughter and insult. "The hen defends her

Englishman: There was a single shout, quick, loud and shrill; and the glance of a knife was seen as the arm of the savage cir-cled round his head, and bent towards the breast of De Forest; when the Colonel, with ed the blow aside, and the soldiers rushed up to the affray. The Indian stood calmly before them.—He showed no expression of anger or disappointment; but there was a difference between him and the humble native of a moment before. He had now the bearing of the chief; and seemed calculated for command, rather than chedience; and his eye was changed from what it had been. Its main characteristic was its power of penetration. I have felt it upon me, years since, when against the dinmed its lustre; but even then, when exited, it was not like an eye of earth. when excited, it was not like an eye of earth. Its keenness was insupportable—it looked into, and read the very depth of the soul. De Forest qualled before it, and the soldiers as they caught it, drew back a step.

The affray however was ended: the savege

was overwhelmed by the number of the whites. and the young Englishman contented himself with abusive language towards the offensive natives, he had so deeply insulted. No one attached farther importance to the affair, and fifteen minutes after. De Forest and his travelling companion were pursuing their jour-ney, and leisurely reviewing the events which

had just transpired.

Three or four days passed off, and they came nigh to York. De Forest knew not that came nigh to York. De Forest knew not that any danger threatened him—that his footsteps were dogged, and his path repeatedly crossed, by a foe as untiring and unrelenting when bound on an office of destruction, as faithful on an errand of love. In fact though unnoticed by these he pursued, an Indian enveloped in a blanket, with nothing about him to distinguish him to a casual eye, from others of his race upon the Lake shore, kept on the same direction with themselves, sometimes val forces of Commodore Chauney. All was activity upon the Canadian shore—men were concentrating, the bodies of light-horse on the look-out, scouring the coast.

Near noon of the first day after leaving Kingston, De Forest and his companion fell in with some fifteen or twenty horsemen, with whose officers an agreeable acquaintance was formed; and soon, together, they alighted at a small village for refreshment. Bar-room, hall, and parlour of the inn were thrown open for their accommodation, and an hour of convivial that followed, seasoned with wit and wine.—All with them was merriment; but near by was a little party which mingled not with them.

It consisted of three of the aborogines of the country, an Indian, and two native wother country, an Indian, and two native worther country, and indian and in the rear, in the would she direction with themselves, sometimes before and again in the rear, in the would she when it could be so, and frequently they have read again in the rear, in the words when it could be so, and frequently they have read again in the rear, in the words when it could be so, and frequently they have read again in the rear, in the words when it could be so, and frequently they ha

however, was considered most in danger; and the town. The British commander, General Sheaffer in person took vigorous measures to oppose the landings and De Forest/ full of loyalty, and thirsting for adventure, valunteered his services in the field.

thing peculiar is his appearance, save a dark and somewhat restless eye. One of the females might have been his wife, the other his gallant corps of Riflemen, the British and boats approached the shore, bearing Forsyth's gallant corps of Riflemen, the British and Indians, drawn up under cover of a deep wood, were silent and motionless as though they were statues, as immoveable as the trees with which they were mingled. But as the first prow grated upon the sand, the signal was given—there was a slight movement light streaks of blue flame glanced among the boughs—a rattling volley with shouts, broke the mortal stillness which usually precedes the tumult, and several sullen plunges from the beats into the Lake, showed that the shot had told. Forsyth leaped upon the shore, followed by his men, and the glancing of his sword as it waved above him, and of his eyes as he cheered his followers, equally vouched for the strength and fearlessness of his heart. His lines were instantly formed, and the quick sharp crack of the rifle, which followed, answered well to British hearts the discharge which had preceded

The eye of the American rifleman is train-

ed to its duty equally with his hands; and as volley followed volley, the British ranks fared hard, until the amoke rolling from either side met, and moving sluggishly in detached and rarying misses, partially hid the combatants from each other a view.

Then it was that an Indian, decked out

and pointed after the strange and fearful man-ner of the warriors of his race, suddenly made his appearance in the American ranks, seized the rifle of a fallen soldier; and rushed into the heart of the engagemen

Meanwhile the heroic General Pike, landed a second detachment from the ships; the Britons faltered, rallied again and gave a general discharge, and fled for their fortifica-

Gen. Sheaffe to the extremes of the lines, and now at the termination of the engagement, be found himself flying with the rest, from a De Forest gave back from the unexpected onset, and the Indian had time to fold his arms quietly upon his breast, before receiving the blow which followed from the cienchical hand of the indignant and incomplete to a stand, by a fall and received to a stand, by a fall and received to a stand. fing mith those feelings, he has hearly cleared the woods, when he was suddenly brought to a stand, by a tall and powerful savage, who spring in before him, and brought a rifle at half rest within two yards of his breast. Those who were near, occupied with their own safety, passed on. The Indian bent his eye upon De Forest, and it was enough—though his enterior was so much changed, the young man knew him for the native he

when he saw he was recognized. Said the Indian, when he saw he was recognized. Six thy heart black as the skin is white that their shouldst hand the warrior of a number of battles, must hang his head like a pale face when his squaw is wroth. The white skin must die; and the eagle will fly over his carcase, and leave it to

the vulture and the crow.

De Forest stood mute from the imminence of his danger. He broke from the Bassilisk ere of his for for a breath, and half cast his own on either side in search of succour. The own on either side in search of succour. The savage understood the movement and with a look of contempt threw his rifle from him and exclaimed. "Coward! the red skin gives thee chance-use it for thy life:"

De Forest did not he sitate—he raised his word, but his agile foe evaded his headlong thurst, and with a bound sprung his guard. thought the Englishman, as with a desperate effort he succeeded in parrying the murder-ons tomahawk from his head, and threw his arms around the body of his adversary. Both arins around the body of his adversary. Both were powerful of frame, and with clenched teeth and distorted countenances, they interlocked their limbs, as for a death struggle: when suddenly a tumnit of voices broke in upon them and again De Forest was rescued from the vengeance which awaited him. His enemy was disarmed, and made prisoner.

The day passed off. The heroic and chivalrous Pike, had fallen a sacrifice at the shrine of Liverty, and died, if he must die,

valrous Pike, had fatten a sacrifice at the shrine of Liberty, and died, if he must die, as he would have wished victorious and reclining upon the banners of the conquered. There was a sublimity in his death which can

Ralph He Forest with the party which had Ralph De Forest with the party which had rescued him, occupied a farm-house some miles from York. In an out-house adjoining, alone and guarded, was the sullen savage who had sought his life. This night was not given to revelry. The tired soldiers were stretched out through the rooms, with the exception of the sentinels, who were thickly stationed within and around the house, and every presention was taken to guard against surprise.

within and around the house, and every pre-caution was taken to guard against supprise. Twelve o'clock came and all was quiet.— One was near at hand, when the Indian slow-ly and noiselessly protruded his body from an aperture in the wall of his prison, where had succeeded in loosehing a board. When fairly in the open air, he paused, and cast a fairly in the open air, he paused, and cast a quick, inquiring glance around, and then sunk dewn completely within the shadow of the building. The meon was full, yet shining with little lustre. She was struggling on her solitary course, through the immeque piles of white and half fransparent clouds; and occasionally the fleecy masses would gather around, and combining, for a minute or two succeeded in completely everyowering her sickly and uncertain light. sickly and uncertain light

It was at such a moment that the savage, drawing himself at length upon the ground, noiseless and serpent like, gained the wall of the farm house. Quickly, and in the same position, hagging the base of the building, he passed a centinel, and elore the lazy moon could open her eye upon him, gained the shaded side. Herahe pursued his plan with less danger of detection, and found little difficulty in avoiding another sentinel, watchful for naught but sleep, and admitted watchful for naught but sleep, and admitted himself by a slight door into the rear of the dwelling. Then, as though by instinct, he sought out a flight of steps leading to the seside of a bed, in a small chamber, where two lay sleeping. They were De Forest and the Commandant Officer of the party.

The eye of the savage lit up with eyen more than its accustomed fires, as he surveyed his victim, once more so completely within his power. He extended his right arm over him, with the bard blade in his hand, and yet nutsed as though in anticonting, to glat the prused as though in anticipation, to glut the ferocity of his nature. De Forest slept not calmly—his mind was evidently wandering. and as the pale moon for an instant shone in brighter than was her wont, there was a fearful expression upon his features. no-no! The savage is on me. - Save me-save me! - Dear, where are you? - He awoke.

The Indian still stood unmoved, and watch ed him as he opened his eyes, and gradually become conscious of the danger which was upon him. De Forest shuddered, and sunk deeper within the bed. He rubbed his eyes, and again looked, as though he doubted if he Do Forest, during the contest had shown that he was no coward. He had repeatedly the savage:—that Basilisk gaze he knew, exposed himself in carrying the orders of Gen. Sheafle to the extense of the contest had shown the power of the wild. more than the power of the wild cat's:—and the naked knife was above him. The Indian. spoke. His tone was that of a whisper, deand guttural, and distinct upon the ear of his listener as the peals of a bell.
"Amelia!" said he, "you do well to think of her. She is dead."

De Forest started, and his lips were of ing to echo the word, but a motion of the savage intimidated him, as he slowly added, sand her murderer must follow her. The glory of a Chief is lost by the blow of a white. He must die." De Forest by this time had collected his scattered faculties.—He full well saw his danger, and concentrating every energy of mind and body, he made a sudden spring to avert it. But the savage had not delayed so long. were his prey insecure. With his left hand he brought him back at black as the skin is white that they shouldst strike a warrier and a Chief—that shouldst light his right descended, and the glittering mock the daughter of a Chief? The blow is blade sunk to the hilt in the heart of the vicmock the daughter of a Union I he plot is the here." continued he pointing to his breast, tim. A shuddering shriek announced the sand the marrior of a hundred battles must fact; which was followed by loud, long and hang his head like a pile face when his squaw repeated shouts from the deep cavernous chert repeated shouts from the deep cavernous chest of the savage, which rung tor miles through

A moment sufficed to burst the window from its frame, and before the companion of the unhappy De Forest could collect himself sufficiently to throw any impediment in the way, the Indian leapt twenty feet upon the ground. There was the report of fire arms from the startled sentinels; but their shots were incffectual, and all rushed into the house in wonder and alarm, to inquire into the mysterious

De Forest was already dead and all surmise upon the subject, ranged far from truth, and even probability; until a veteran soldier who had stood apart, apparently stupified through the whole of the inquiry, recovered in a measure and addressed them.

measure and addressed them.

"I am the oldest among you, fellow soldiers." said he, "but in all my campaigns, and they are not few, have I ever met with any thing so passing strange before. I cant tell you, I believe, who it is that has done this deed—the cause I know not. The cry we have just heard, so wild and more than human you will all are on more than human you will all are can make the same than th nave just heard, so wild and more than human you will all say can never, by any one of you, be forgotten. I have heard it que before, thirty and odd years back, in the American revolution. It is the war-cry of ABRAM ANTONE, the Oneida Chief."

ADVENTURE OF A WHALE. North Pacific Ocean, Lat. 2 50, Long. 94 50, April 18.

To the Editor of the Weekly Messenger:

To the Editor of the Weekly Messenger:

Dear Sir—If my expectations, when last I wrote you from California, had been realized. I should have been, before this, on my homeward bound passage; but Providence has otherwise decreed. For five months we saw not the spout of a sperm whale, and it was not until within ten days past that we have heard the joyfel sound from the mastitead of withere she blows!" Our boat put off, and we succeeded in making prizes of two small whalesy since which we have been very successful. The ship's company have been in excellent spirits highly elated with the idea of soon completing our cargo, and them shaping our course towards our native hand—But we have this day sheft with a sqriess in cident, which has changed our calculation altogether.

Two wished me to give you an account of the grand South Sea superior killing a whale. As the accident to which I have made allowing accounted in a battle with one of these sion occurred in a battle with one of these monsters of the bruity deep, I will gratify